

THE DEAD PAST.

BY M. VICTOR STALEY.

Years not for the joys of thy once happy childhood,
Though dark be thy life, though clouded thy
Not in the dead past with all its memories,
Not in the bright future true happiness lies.
Why sigh for the past when the future will
bring you
To those whom you love and for whom you
now grieve?
Sad heart, would you give all the blessings of
heaven
For one fleeting hour of thy childhood's re-
turn?
Those whom you now mourn with such sincere
affection
Who long since have passed to their dwelling
above.
Now live in the bright, blessed radiance of
heaven,
And wait for thy coming with tenderest love.
The joys of the past, if we try to recall them,
Will bring but a train of sad memories to
pain.
'Tis better these dead years lay buried for-
ever—
In the grave which now hides them, O, let
them remain.

THE LIFE OF A SCOUT.

BY WARE.

But little time for refreshment and rest
is given to scouts, especially on the eve of
a great battle, or even while in the vicinity
of an enemy well known to be largely su-
perior in numbers and equipments.
Couriers ride hastily, night and day,
from the commanding generals to the
quarters of generals of corps and divisions.
Various changes of position were made
by the infantry, under orders of the gen-
eral; so that an officer of division
when asked for his opinion as to our
chances for success in the impending bat-
tle, replied:
"Unless Generals Morgan and Forrest
can arrive in time" (the former was in Ken-
tucky and the latter in West Tennessee) "to
strike General Rosecrans' rear, we are
whipped—for our men are already ex-
hausted with marching and countermarch-
ing, and are in bad form for meeting the
superior force which General Rosecrans
has at hand."

The results of the battle of Murfrees-
boro, or Stone River, are matters of his-
tory; and our failure to pursue the ad-
vancing won, and the slaughter of the
Kentuckians, under the gallant Breckin-
ridge, on the memorable Friday evening—
Black Friday—are charged to the debit
side of the proper account.

Therefore "scouts" had but little to
answer for on this occasion, as they could
only criticize movements, and wish that
they had a commander who was not so
ready to run the wrong way.

It was not the intention to hold position
to the north of Murfreesboro till General
Rosecrans' rear within a few miles of
works around Nashville, but to obey orders
—no matter how counter to their judgment
or wishes a retrograde movement might be.
So we submitted to the inevitable, and
joined General Bragg in another "masterly
retreat."

Heartick and footsore, our troops fell
back to Shelbyville, after having punished
General Rosecrans too severely to permit
of his pressing us while in retreat.

Here they found kind, sympathizing
friends, and hands ready to minister to
their hurts, as well as to soothe their mor-
tification at being ordered to throw away
the fruits of a victory so nearly and so
dearly won.

After reaching Shelbyville our scouts
passed several days having clothing washed
and repaired, having horses shod, and in
making general preparations for the road,
as we well knew that Major Walker would
soon have us in the saddle, for he was a
man of wonderfully earnest energy.

On the evening of the second day after
we reached Shelbyville the Major com-
municated his designs, and directed that
the whole troop be in readiness for an early
move.

But next morning we learned, with deep
regret, that Major Walker would be trans-
ferred to another department. Officers
and men were much attached to him for
his uniform kindness and urbanity, and we
had the highest estimate of his courage
and soldierly qualities.

Several of the men preferred to go with
him, but others had ties in old Kentucky
which held them away from the sea-coast.

Before our complete reorganization we
had ample opportunities for becoming ac-
quainted with many of the citizens in and
around Shelbyville, and we learned unmis-
takably that there were not a few of these
good people whose ideas political did not
accord with our own.

But the time for us to move had arrived,
and, after taking leave of the Major and
receiving from him an earnest "God bless
you, boys," we dashed out of town by the
road leading to Columbia.

About this time General Joseph Wheeler
was promoted to rank as General of Divi-
sion, and such officers as Forrest and Mor-
gan were held subordinate to him!

Through this means we were losing the
services of General Forrest, who tendered
his resignation. The War Depart-
ment would not accept of his resignation, but
created a new department, and he took his
brigade to their new field of operations.

General Van Dorn, after capturing the
Federal stores at Grand Junction, Hum-
boldt, etc., now arrived and took com-
mand of all our cavalry, with headquarters
at Spring Hill, about twelve miles from
Franklin, Tenn.

Our scouts were soon under his orders
and proceeded to work toward Nashville,
from the waters of South Harpeth.

The position thus occupied was some
eighteen miles in advance of cavalry out-
posts; but we were subject to little inter-
ference, as the Federal cavalry then came
no further west than Big Harpeth, seven-
teen miles from Nashville.

We soon became familiar with the coun-
try, and learned the by-paths so thoroughly
that half a dozen regiments could not have
hemmed us in, nor could they have so
closely guarded the roads as to prevent us
as to have prevented close correspondence
with our friends in the "City of Rocks."

Within two weeks after entering upon
this new field we had established nine
regular, reliable channels through which
information was received—to say nothing
of many other means for getting "grape-
vine" intelligence, which we appeared to
drink in greedily, but to which, in reality,
but little heed was given.

One of the most serious obstacles with
which we were forced to contend was the
early appearance of detachments which
were led by officers who were anxious to
communicate more directly with friends in
Nashville. These officers would obtain
authority from superiors to "make a
scout," and while many of them were in-
discreet, others cared but little for the
extra amount of trouble, labor and hazard
imposed upon those who were located in
that section for regular scout duty.

The result of incursions made by these
numerous "scouting parties" was to at-
tract the enemy's attention toward the
west, and lead them to guard, not only the
turnpike roads leading out of Nashville
and crossing Big Harpeth, but also the
smaller roads which crossed the river
parallel to those turnpikes and crossed
the river at intermediate points.

So that, in order to reach the north bank
of Big Harpeth, we were compelled to
cross it at night by swimming, or by means
of a ford which was hidden by dense un-
derbrush, which not unfrequently was

found lining the river banks, or by one
which would lead to the rear of a field of corn.
At this early day, however, our superior
knowledge of the topography of that region
gave us a great advantage, despite the
watchfulness and superior numbers of the
enemy.

We could always manage to get across to
the north bank of the river; but here our
real, great danger began; for we were not
only liable to encounter a force of the en-
emy, but quite apt to run athwart one of
those self-constituted scouts who, ever
ready and alert, were likely to act upon
uncertainties, and greet any force not easily
recognizable with a volley from shotguns
loaded with buckshot, to be followed up
with a fusillade from six-shooters.

"Mistakes" were of frequent occurrence,
and while they developed many curious
characteristics in the different individuals,
and resulted in many a hearty laugh and
much quizzing afterward, were at the time
of the most serious nature, as they were
attended by great personal peril.

Early in February, 1862, a "scout" was
ordered to repair to the vicinity of Nash-
ville, Tenn., to strike a point on Hillsboro
turnpike. Ten well-mounted men were
selected—men who knew their duty, and
who were not likely to "lose their heads."

We had reached the vicinity of Big Har-
peth, near the mouth of Little Harpeth,
just opposite Peter Cartwright's farm.

A long narrow field of corn lay to the
west of Mr. Cartwright's, between his resi-
dence and the north bank of the stream.

Along the west side of this corn-field,
for its whole length, was a deep pool of
water known in the neighborhood as the
Locust Hole.

At the foot of this pool was a ripple,
upon which a fish-dam or trap had been
built. Of course this dam served to render
still deeper the water above it; while be-
low the water was shallow, and swift in its
course over small stones.

To cross the stream at this point was no
great feat, and to reach the road running
on the east of Mr. C.'s residence and be-
tween the Hillsboro and the Granny
White turnpikes was easy of accomplish-
ment, and attended by no real danger.

We had crossed the stream, passed
through Mr. C.'s cornfield, and proceeded to
a point within easy reach of our jour-
ney's end, when we were startled by—
"Halt! Who comes?"

Before time was given for reply, John-
son Vaughn, one of the best scouts in the
band, had dismounted, and began to throw
the lead of our left, between the
command and the stream, which lay three-
quarters of a mile to the west of our posi-
tion.

"A friend," was replied.

"What command?" was asked.

"What do you mean by 'halting' people
who are in search of a doctor?" was in-
nocently asked.

"Yes; if you will advance and satisfy us
that you are in 'search of a doctor,' you
may proceed on your way," was replied.

Well, that's just what we didn't want
to do; but we did wish Vaughn would hurry
to down that fence!

The order came, "Assist Vaughn, for
they will not delay much longer."

"That's so, Lieutenant, for that's old
Watkins (Colonel of the Sixth Kentucky
Cavalry, Federal), and he ain't going to
monkey around here much longer."

Federal Commander: "Well, will you
advance, or shall I send a squad of men
after you? Decide quickly, for I shall not
give you much more time."

Reply: "Well, Colonel, I guess I won't
go any further after 'a doctor' to-night,
but I'll turn back home and wait till morn-
ing. Good-night, Colonel."

Colonel: "No, you don't! Halt! Come
back here! Fire, men, if he don't halt!"

From this it was thought that only one
of our men (the advance) had been seen,
though we were well covered up.

But the fence was opened, and each man
in the rear, dismounting and leading his
horse through the gap (by dismounting),
then to make us ply our spurs a little more
industriously, until we distanced our pur-
suer, who were evidently reluctant as we
learned afterward to leave the Hillsboro
turnpikes.

Of course the firing had stirred up all
"the boys" within its hearing, and produced
upon their sensibilities the impression that
it was "their move" toward Big Harpeth.

As we did not know what forces had been
posted on the river below our crossing
point, and, being unwilling to give any
more chances against our escape, the men
were directed to pass through Mrs. Fanny
Harding's place, thence to the south of
Mr. Cartwright's residence, and across the
field, thus to reach the crossing at the foot
of the "Locust Hole."

Did any of my readers ever hear dry
cornstalks break before a bunch of
frightened reeling?

Those who have may form some idea of
the noise produced as we dashed through
Mr. Cartwright's cornfield, through which
ran the Little Harpeth, and which lay be-
tween us and the crossing of Big Harpeth.

Approaching the first mentioned stream,
we were compelled to "slow up," as its
banks were rough and precipitous. And,
then to our slower progress, we took ad-
vantage of the comparative silence to listen,
and to learn, if possible, whether we were
being pursued by the enemy which had
stampeded us.

Our alarm was greatly heightened by
hearing hoof strokes and the cracking of
corn stalks on our right and below the
stream on Big Harpeth!

Of course, we imagined that the enemy
knew the location of the ford, and we were
trying to head us off; and we became
forcibly impressed with the idea that we
must get there first or be captured.

Then the pace, which had been a good
round one, became earnest in the extreme!
It was every man for himself and "davy
catch the hindmost."

In order to cross with more facility Little
Harpeth, we had deflected from the true
course, so as to describe an arc; and it
appeared to our heated imaginations that
the enemy had taken the cord of the arc;
and, as they were riding as recklessly as
we were, our apprehensions were duly in-
creased.

Vaughn, who was riding at the right of
the column, exclaimed: "By gravity, Lieut-
enant, they are outriding us, and the whole
regiment is cutting us off from the front!"

We will be forced out to the other pike,
and find at least a company on duty there.
Now we're in a nice pickle, ain't we? We
can't cut our way through and we can't
turn back, but—darned if I'll surrender in
here!

The situation looked desperate, and only
"heroic treatment" would meet the con-
tingency.

The enemy was certainly outstripping
us, and would lead us to the ford. No time
was to be wasted in speculation, so we
turned to the right, so as to pass to rear of the
enemy and strike the river at a point about
two hundred yards below the ford.

At this point the river bank was some
five feet above the surface of the water,
which lay in a long, deep pool in our front,
between us and the safer side of the river.
Even under this pressure, Ponier was as
usual, tireless, and exclaimed:

"Now, boys, for a bath! We all need it,
and we can't afford to lose it, unless a
Yankee's bullet perforates the skin and lets
the water run in to drown us!"

With but little hesitation, for there was
no delay in making the choice between a
ducking and captivity, we plunged spurs
into our horses and forced them to leap
into the water; their heads held quivering
up stream toward the other bank of the
river.

While we were thus engaged the troops
at the ford dashed across, and, to our fur-
ther anxiety, seemed bent upon cutting
us off on our approach to the higher ground
to the rear.

We notice, however, that not more than
thirty-five of the enemy continue in the
rear; and are encouraged to hope that we
may distance some of these, thereby hav-
ing a more equal show in the rapidly ap-
proaching struggle.

Here comes the enemy, approaching us
diagonally and rapidly. With pistol in
hand, we ply the spur to our steeds, already
beginning to feel the strain upon their re-
sources—but fire is withheld until we are
at closer quarters, in the hope that we may
still further decrease the number of our
enemy, seemingly so entered upon inter-
cepting our flight to the rear.

Our paths in the race have been con-
vergent till now, a slight detour bends one
from its course until they become almost
parallel and at about fifty yards apart.

Thus we dash along, "topping" in the most
approved style the logs and other imped-
iments which would have been avoided un-
der ordinary circumstances.

The race grows fast and furious, each
party riding to the best advantage. Thus
far the speed developed has been so nearly
equal as to afford no material advantage in
position to either party for the last five
minutes.

Every rider watches to the front, striv-
ing to lift his horse at the leaps, and at
the same time keeps a sharp
eye on the movements of the enemy, that
no one may bend too much out of his
course to get a shot into our ranks from a
shoot-out from their course, they will be
in our front as the hills, to reach which
insures our safety. For they are heavily
clad with underbrush, vines, etc., which
will furnish us with a cover into which no
enemy has yet penetrated. The question
remains unanswered: Will our horses
stand this pace for a thousand yards?

"The boys are ordered to close up, and
to be ready for a last desperate rush. If
we can but 'hold our own' for two hun-
dred yards, we will pass in front of our
pursuers, for the ground becomes more
broken in their immediate front. If they
are unacquainted with this fact, and do not
swerve from their course, they will be
compelled to check their speed, and have
the supreme mortification to see the quarry
forge ahead, and escape the toils, under
cover of the friendly bushes, now but a
short quarter in advance.

Ah! the enemy seems inclined to in-
crease the pace, and to close the issue.
"Boys," we are ordered to push
ahead. His horse has got the heels of
ours, and the rider seems determined to
close."

"Well, if he must have it, let him stop a
load of buckshot!" Let but one man fire.
See how the fellow rides!" Let him
come on, and we'll make a sure shot."

"I would like to catch his horse, if it is not
badly wounded."

"There, Spencer, he is almost close
enough to let him pass that tree-top, then
give him—"

But the gallant fellow did not pass "that
tree-top," with his horse; for the best
puller for a mile, at his side, and his rider
pulled the rein to pass on the opposite
side! And, "losing his head," the rider
parted company with his horse, fearing
that he would be dashed against the tree,
and preparing to fall upon the ground!

Instantly, the dismounted trooper re-
gained his feet, and, at his side, a fellow
exclaimed: "Gosh! d'ye see, please
catch my mare!"

A roar of laughter greeted the luckless
rider, and—the race was ended.

We had been running from one of those
"imported scouting parties" for the last
three miles, each party telling us that
the whole Sixth Kentucky Cavalry had
been detailed specially to run it to earth,
and that the Southern Confederacy would
certainly collapse! deprived of its valuable
services!

Poor Randall, who would have out-
stripped us in the race but for dissolving
partnership with his mare, and his mare
of Bonnie Scotland, has some long
road, which we trust he has found paved
with gold and shadowed by the wild rose.
May he rest in peace.

From parties residing near the scene of
our encounter with the Federals we learned
that pursuit was kept up but a short dis-
tance.

And we learned from the "foragers" that
"we had crossed Big Harpeth and gone
down toward the field to near John Ar-
strong's, when we heard firing and thought
it best to travel! When we got almost to
the ford we heard the enemy on our left
bank, and strained every nerve to beat him
out."

"But you can not well imagine our con-
sternation on discovering that the enemy
had passed to our rear—as we thought then
—had divided his force, attempting to cut
us off with one party and drive us to de-
struction with the other!"

When this little incident was made known
at headquarters we were twitted no little;
nor did we hear the last, for many a long
day, of our attempt to jump across Big
Harpeth!

But the effect was wholesome in its re-
sults, as orders were issued prohibiting
formation of scouting parties except under
the guidance of an officer detailed for this
duty.

Mamie's Cablegram.

A Hartford man, whose wife was
going abroad, asked her to telegraph
him a word or two letting him know of
her safe arrival in New York. In a few
hours he received the following mes-
sage, "collect":

"DEAR GEORGE—Arrived here safely
at fifteen minutes after 6. The train
was due at 5, but we were delayed fif-
teen minutes while en route. Had a
perfectly lovely trip. Don't worry about
me, I'll get along all right. And take
good care of yourself. Be so careful
about taking cold this damp weather.
Remember you are to keep on your
flannels until the 15th of June. Be
sure and have the house open and aired
as often as once a week. Remember
what I told you about your socks and
shirts. Don't forget to keep the basement
door locked. Write every day. I'm
sure I'll have a lovely time. So good-
bye in you to let me go. You must
come over after me in August. For-
ever and ever and ever yours,

"MAMIE."

An hour later Mamie was pained to
receive the following reply to her
"word or two":

"Don't cable anything from Liver-
pool. I'm a ruined man if you do."
"GEORGE."

Boston papers think that Boston is
the proper place from which to sail for
Europe. We think so. One's sorrow
at leaving is apt to be less poignant—
Puck.

BULLOCK-DRIVING IN INDIA.

Methods of the Hindoo When Urging on
His Lazy Beasts—Plenty of Abuse.

The bandy, a cart drawn by two
small white bullocks, is the common
means of conveyance in India. It is
simply a broad platform on very high
wheels covered with mats to keep off
the rain and sun from the traveler.

The driver sits astride the cart
tongue, within easy reach of his bul-
lock's hind-quarters. The speed and
endurance of the little raft animals,
says *Youth's Companion*, enables
them to make three miles and a quar-
ter an hour for several hours at a
stretch. The driver keeps them going
by a complicated system of ejacula-
tions, slappings, tail-twistings, toe-
poking, goadings, and lashings.

An American, about to hire a London
cab, hesitated on seeing a rat
spot on the horse's shoulder.

"Why, bless your 'art, sir, I keep
that 'raw' for extra times. If a gent's
in a very great 'urry, and will stand a
hextra shillin'! I touches the 'orse on
that 'raw' and 'away' he goes, sir."

The Hindoo bandy-driver has his
last resort. When the bandy is stuck
in the mud he brings it out by biting
his bullock's tail. A bullock has no
idea of what he can do until he is
bitten.

The driver talks to his bullocks a
great deal. When they do well he
praises them; when they are lazy he
abuses their female relatives, espe-
cially their mothers and sisters. The
following translation of a driver's ad-
dress to his bullocks gives the drift of
his verbal method of speeding them:

"You, Punniak (the animal's name),
you a bullock? Not you. Your father
must have been a donkey and your
mother a pig; no respectable cow
would own so lazy a son."

"As to you, Moreeah, I believe your
father was a Perringee (white for-
eigner) and your mother a Pariah
(lowest caste)."

"You are the most abominable of all
brutes and how you came to have
horns and a tail is a mystery to me."

"Some fine day I shall saw off your
horns and sell them, and instead of
coloring your long tail with goolal I
shall cut it off and sell it to some ras-
cally English dragoon to stick to his
helmet and bring him back luck, for he
is sure to be killed in the first battle
he goes in afterward."

"I wish they were all killed; but
never mind, they soon will be, and
then won't we have jolly times?"

"Ah, now you behave something like
respectable animals! That's the way
to get over the ground."

"You, Punniak, are my father and
mother, and you, Moreeah, all the rest
of my relations except my wife."

"I'll give you both a fine feed of
sugar-cane tops when we come to any;
but not if you are lazy—tack-tack! tor-
rr-ee-ee-oooh-ah!"

Crabbed Husbands.

One often reads or hears it said,
writes Clara de Vere in the Cincinnati
Commercial Gazette, that the peace
and happiness of the household depend
upon the wife or mother. The asser-
tion is not strictly true. As the moth-
er is or should be with her children
more, her influence is greater than any
one's else; but does not the father's
daily example sometimes counteract
that influence? Children, says the
Golden Rule, are close observers, and
are apt imitators of their elders.

Should the father be addicted to the
habit of fault-finding, especially in re-
gard to the food set before him at
meal-time, and the weary, discouraged
wife—in the vain attempt to defend her
reputation as cook—arouses his ire by
making excuses, then the children of
the family will be listeners to an angry
trade, or, what is worse, a quarrel, if
the mother has not complete control of
her temper; and, of course, they will
be apt to follow the example set before
them, and discord will reign in the
family. This is not an attractive pic-
ture of home life, yet in some
families such a scene is enacted almost
every day. Men often mar the happi-
ness of wives and children by fault-
finding, and surely they add nothing
to their own peace of mind by indulg-
ing in it. It is just as much the hus-
band's duty to sit down to the table
with a cheerful, sunshiny face, and
make the best of the food set before
him, as it is the wife's duty to keep the
house in order and prepare the meals
regularly.

Woman's efforts to please in the
matter of cooking are rarely appre-
ciated, or, if so, she hears no word of
commendation. Men do not seem to
realize how much a woman's heart
hungers for words of praise from her
husband's lips. If she prepares some
dainty dish to tempt his appetite he is
too careless to note how eagerly she
waits to know if he likes it. Apprecia-
tion is one of the best incentives the
world affords. After the labors in-
cident to the preparation of a meal, how
it seems to rest a wife to hear her hus-
band say, "How nice and light your
biscuits are," or, "Wife, this meat is
cooked to suit my taste," or other
words of commendation. A few words
of approval repay her for her trouble.

Just try this for once, careless hus-
band, and see if your wife's face doesn't
light up and all traces of weariness
disappear on the instant. O, think of
the many things you can do to brighten
her life. A little appreciation by one
she loves goes a good way toward
making a woman happy. Many a weary
wife drags out her life unappreciated,
scarcely finding a word of sympathy
from her husband.

He has careful words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest,
But for his own the bitter tone,
Though he loves his own the best.

That such a man's home is unhappy
is mainly his own fault.

Losing an Umbrella.

A New York man, after reading an
account of an elevated railroad sale of
1,700 lost umbrellas, told a story illus-
trating the fact that the ease with
which an umbrella may be lost depends
very much upon the character of the
property. A friend gave him, during a
rain-storm in his travels, an old um-
brella to throw away when it had
served its temporary purpose. After
numerous attempts to lose it, and pay-
ing various sums of money to persons
returning it to him, he returned one

dark night to launch it from the side
of a ferryboat. A deck hand saw him
sneaking to the rear of the vessel and
returning with a guilty countenance. Next
morning a male infant, done up in
brown paper, was found in the river,
and our umbrella adventurer read in an
evening paper that the deck hand
thought he could identify, the next time
he saw him, the man who dropped the
innocent into the water.

Gambling.

Keno is a popular game simply be-
cause it is so rapid and so cheap. At
ten cents a chance almost any one can
play. Keno is just the game for youth,
and the practical gambler despises such
small business; besides this, he can
see with half an eye that the chances
are usually heavy against the player.
Thus if in fact the bank has six out of
ten, in keno it has seven or eight. It
may be readily seen that keno holes
will abound in a great city, and in
some localities they may be found
side by side in great array.

Among the devotees of keno are often
found students from the country who
have come to attend lectures. They are
in some cases supported by the self-
denying economy of parents and even
sisters, and could the latter behold
the object of their affection
squandering his money at the keno
table, how great would be the agony!

It is well that so painful a spectacle is
spared them. As for faro, the term is
an abbreviation of Pharaoh, whose
face was formerly on one of the cards.
The leading player is called the "pun-
ter," and this is suggested by Pope's
lines:

Wretch that I am, how often have I sworn
When Wint' will let me play no more;
I know the but yet to my ruin I run,
And see the folly which I can not shun.

Speaking of the times of Pope, I re-
cently opened an old volume of the
Gentleman's Magazine and read the
following description of the game as it
was once played a century and a half
ago:

"First, an operator who deals the
cards for the purpose of cheating; also
two croupiers (croupier who watch the
cards and gather the money for the
bank. Then there are two 'puffs,' who
have money given them to play with,
and thus decoy others to try also as
bullies, who in fact fight any gentleman
who is peevish at losing his money.

Then there is the watchman who walks
up and down and alarms the house on
the approach of a constable."

Such is the brief statement of gam-
ing in London in the days of Pope.
Hogarth gives a very powerful scene in
a gaming house, being a part of the
"Lake's Progress." How many rakes
have been ruined since then is beyond
all calculation.

Cards are supposed to be of Asiatic
origin. Chinese cards have three suits,
each of nine cards. It is supposed that
they were introduced into Europe by
Arabs and Saracens before the thirteenth
century. The first historic refer-
ence is found in Augsburg, whose
records give the fact that in 1275 King
Rudolph amused himself with a game
at cards. The most eminent card man-
ufacturer in France in the sixteenth cen-
tury was Vato, and soon afterward the
business was established in England. It
is said that the marks in the suits of
cards were intended to represent four
classes in society—knights representing